



KLEZMATICS

POSSESSED

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NOTES BY TONY KUSHNER

FILE UNDER: WORLD/KLEZMER

XENOPHILE
 xeno
 phile

By turns wild and spiritual,
 the Klezmatics celebrate the glory
 of next-wave klezmer through
 the mysticism of their Jewish roots.





Dear *Klezomatics*,

I find myself unable to write your liner notes. Your music moves me like no other, it makes my genes and molecules writhe & dance even though I am, as always in my ashamed embarrassed body, inert. When I first heard your “Shnirele perele” on *Rhythm & Jews*, no kidding, it changed my life, **oy so gorgeous**, so sexy, so full of August Mystery, I decided to reinvent the kind of Jew I am upon hearing it but I haven’t got around to doing that yet, I’ve been too busy and so am unworthy to write the liner notes for your wonderful new album.

First let me tell you about the kind of Jew I am. Having spent more than half my life in psychotherapy and half in theater I am incapable of beginning anything without first confessing to a feeling of fraudulence, and tonight that feeling is pronounced, so let me start by telling you what a half-baked, half-formed, *reformed*, *dummermann* kind of Jew I am.

In June of this year I answered the phone, and it was my father. The Board of Temple Sinai in my hometown, Lake Charles Louisiana, had just behaved, my father felt, in a dishonorable fashion. Their previous Rabbi having departed for more remunerative work in Houston Texas, the congregation had initiated a search for a replacement. Lake Charles Rabbis are notoriously of short-lived tenures, including one, an excruciating, terrifying cheek-pincher, who vanished leaving behind mountains of unpaid bills; and another who, I'm sorry to say, was nabbed in a dragnet the police had cast to catch a peeping tom!

Anyway, the Temple needed a new Rabbi, and the search committee contacted the UAHC, and got a list of newly-minted recently-matriculated Rabbis, and as they have always done they contacted the Top Guy in his H.U.C. class, expecting as always to be turned down because Temple Sinai is poor and small and in Lake Charles Louisiana and is always turned down by the Top Guy in his class. But to their immense surprise and excitement the search committee's inquiry as to his availability for a job interview received an enthusiastic "Yes!" from this Magna cum Laude Rabbi. A historic First for the Temple! Followed by this Rabbi's informing the selection committee's chair that he, the Rabbi, is gay, and in a committed relationship with a man who would be, if the Rabbi was hired, the Temple's new Rebbetsin. Another First!

The search committee's chair told the Rabbi they'd get back to him in a day or two and the committee discussed. And — and let this stand as refutation to those who say there is no progress — they decided to invite the gay Rabbi down south for an interview. Their decision was conveyed to the gay Rabbi and at the same time to the Temple Board for its rubber-stamp approval which, in 120 years of Temple Sinai's existence, had never been withheld. On this occasion, I'm sorry to report, it was withheld. The gay Rabbi was disinvited.

From New York City I called my cousin, the treasurer and a past president of the Temple, and I blasted him! Hypocrites! I threatened to call the UAHC and have them busted for discrimination! My cousin told me that last year somebody spraypainted a swastika on the wall of the Temple, a thing which had never happened before. David Duke, Newt Gingrich, this was the recrudesced Deep South. In this climate,

I was told, a gay Rabbi isn't possible. Clearly a pogrom could be anticipated.

When I was a kid one of our Rabbis, very old, told us Sunday School kids we had to send our Tsedakah to Israel to plant trees. Rabbi, we asked, why do they need so many trees in Israel? Because, he told us, when the Nazis come back, there must be enough trees planted for all the Jews to climb up them, and hide.

We were, shall we say, *anxious to assimilate.*

On the other hand, at the conclusion of our Seder meals, we didn't say "Next year in Jerusalem," we sang "America the Beautiful" — an assimilationist expression of millennial desire with which, these days, I find myself bemused, appalled (at the assimilationism), and in fundamental agreement.

I want to be both a God-believing Jew and a historical materialist socialist humanist agnostic. I *want* the State of Israel to exist (since it does anyway) and I want the cave of the Patriarchs and Matriarchs honored and I want to shokl with Jews at the Wailing Wall *and* at the same time (and I'm afraid this won't help sales of your CD) I think the founding of the State of Israel was for the Jewish people a historical, moral, political calamity. Contemplating the possible destruction of Israel (Civil war?) I feel at times if I could ever kill for a nationalist cause I might kill for that one but at the same time I wish modern Israel hadn't been born; I am a diasporan Jew, not a Zionist; and I say this feeling that Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Museum in Jerusalem, is, it's Zionist agenda and homophobia notwithstanding, Jewish history's best most eloquent single answer to Hitler and the Holocaust; and is so *because it is in Jerusalem*; but I wish Jerusalem was an international city under a UN protectorate; and I wish the Museum of the Holocaust in Washington was a Museum of the Jewish-American Experience instead, with a Holocaust wing, and I wish it stood on the Mall alongside museums devoted to the sufferings and triumphs of other ethnic-American groups, including a Museum of the African-American Experience, with a Slavery wing, which I wish was built with, in addition to other funding sources, Tsedakah from committed, determinedly anti-racist Jewish Americans.

Identity ought to move from a politics of recognition, celebration and liberation towards its utopian goal of ultimate effacement: somewhere, far in the future, on the same far horizon beyond which lies the withering of state, the arrival of Moshiach, and the termination of my psychotherapy — there also lies the whispering away of the lovely alluring historical grit, the gorgeous gruff textural and aromal specificity of ethnic identity, of race; of the need for rehearsing and even remembering the agonizing, glorious, heroic histories of oppression — there also lies the Unity beyond Difference, Internationalism, the Creole and Mulatto World, Paradisiacal, the passage through Babel back to Eden, God's purpose from the start.

Are we not possessed, and is your CD's title not apt, by the multitudes we contain, not only multitudes of observant and unobservant brave martyred ancestors, not only of the hosts of spirits and demons who parade through our dreams and nightmares, but of all the cultures through which we have wandered, which we helped to shape, in which we are at home and never at home?

Hebrew- and Yiddish-illiterate, I barely know how to pray; riddled with ambivalence, child of Marx, Freud, Mahler, Benjamin, Kafka, Goldman, Luxemburg, Trotsky, An-ski, Schoenberg, mongrel product of Judaism's and of Jewish exteriority, of its ghetto-hungry curiosity, of its assimilationist genius, I now approach Judaism as Jews once approached the splendid strangeness of the Goyische Velt: I am shall we say deeply confused, but not complacent. And this I think of course is profoundly Jewish. So perhaps I can write your liner notes after all. Of music, son of a clarinetist and a bassoonist though I be, I know nothing.

The gay Rabbi, by the way, was finally invited for the interview, but before he could go he got a better-paying job in Baltimore. So the Temple moved on to its next choice: A woman Rabbi! Who is Pregnant!

High Holy Days this year found me doing research for my new play in a tiny town in Britain with no other Jews and no shul, so I cast my bread upon English waters, said the prayers I remembered, lit candles, made Shofar noises, cried for the Dead, begged for forgiveness and decided to read the Bible.

Why does the God in whom I may or may not believe, or rather in whose existence I simultaneously believe and doubt, why does the Almighty spend the first five books of the Bible writing such morally problematic, bewildering stories? We've always had the answer to that one. Because the Torah is not clarification but the World itself; it is the World's Goad towards perplexity, interpretation, towards Midrash and Talmud. "Az er darf ringen mit zayn Libn Nomen!" as a character in *Perestroika* says, in a scene that's always cut because let's face it, the play's too long. "You must struggle with the Almighty!" "Azoy tut a Yid!" "It's the Jewish way!"

Hey, for the next album let's do a klezmer version of Mime the Dwarf's lament in Act One of *Seigfried*, the one in 3/4 time, "Das ist nun der Liebe schlimmer Lohn!" "That's all the thanks I get!" Translate the German into Yiddish! Get Daniel Goldhagen to do the liner notes. Already I can hear Wagner spinning in his grave.

ליבע ליבע ליבע *Tony Kushner*
Love Love Love!

1. SHPRAYZ IKH MIR 3:04

Traditional/Arrangement Klezematics

Adaptation of a Gypsy song

Words: S. Kahn

Music: E. Teitelbaum

שפרנז איך מיר מיט גיכע, מיט גיכע טריט,
 נאָך אַ פֿערדל צום יאַריד, צום יאַריד,
 מיטן טינסטער קלינג איך מיר, קלינג איך מיר,
 און אַ לידל זינג איך מיר, זינג איך מיר...

Shprayz ikh mir mit gikhe, mit gikhe trit,
 Nokh a ferdl tsum yarid, tsum yarid,
 Mitn tayster kling ikh mir, kling ikh mir,
 Un a lidl zing ikh mir, zing ikh mir...

צו דער שטאָט איז וווינט נאָך, זייער ווינט,
 שטייט אַ קרעטשמע בני דער זינט, בני דער זינט;
 ברייט צעפֿענט איז די טיר, איז די טיר,
 - קרעטשמער, גיב אַ גלעזל, אַ גלעזל מיר!

Tsu der shtot iz vayt nokh, zeyer vayt,
 Shteyt a kretshme bay der zayt, bay der zayt,
 Breyt tseefnt iz di tir, iz di tir,
 - Kretshmer, gib a glezl, a glezl mir!

נאָך אַ גלעזל, נאָך איינס, נאָך אַ גלאז
 גיסט מיר אָן דער באַלעך דער באַלעבאָס.
 וואָס מיר שטאָט און ווען מיר, ווען יאַריד,
 אז קיין פֿערדל דאַרף איך ניט, דאַרף איך ניט.

Nokh a glezl, nokh eyns, nokh a gloz
 Gist mir on der bale- der balebos.
 Vos mir shtot un ven mir, ven yarid,
 Az keyn ferdl darf ikh nit, darf ikh nit.

ס'פֿערדל האָב איך ניט געקויפֿט, ניט געקויפֿט,
 און דאָס געלט שוין לאַנג פֿאַרוויפֿט, לאַנג פֿאַרוויפֿט,
 און פֿאַר צרות שפּרינג איך מיר, שפּרינג איך מיר,
 און אַ לידל זינג איך מיר, זינג איך מיר.

S'ferdl hob ikh nit gekoyft, nit gekoyft,
 Un dos gelt shoyng lang farzoyft, lang farzoyft,
 Un far tsores shpring ikh mir, shpring ikh mir,
 Un a lidl zing ikh mir, zing ikh mir.

I'm walking quickly towards the fair
 To buy a horse. I'm rushing there.
 I shake my purse and go along,
 And sing myself a little song.

The town's still really, really far
 But on the road: an inn, a bar.
 Its doors are open, open wide—
 "Hey, host, a drink!" I go inside.

The owner calls the shots for me:
 Drink one, drink two, let's call it three.
 "Forget the town, forget the fair;
 Don't need no horse, and I don't care."

I never really bought the horse,
 And drank up all my dough, of course.
 Now troubles make me leap and spring,
 They've given me this song to sing.

Background vocals:
 Moxey Frivovous (Mike Ford,
 Murray Foster, Jian Ghomeshi
 and David Matheson)

2. KOLOMEYKE 1:40

Traditional/Arrangement Klezematics

3. MOROCCAN GAME 2:46

London

Hammond organ: John Medeski

4. AN UNDOING WORLD 3:40

Music: Svigals

Words: Tony Kushner

By the time we're done with dancing,
 Elsewhere darling you'll be glancing
 And the night's a river-torrent tearing us apart.
 Merely melody entwined us,
 Easily the ties that bind us
 Break in fibrillations of the heart.
 Don't cry out or cling in terror
 Darling that's a fatal error
 Clinging to a somebody you thought you knew was yours.
 Dispossession by attrition is a permanent condition
 That the wretched modern world endures.

You drift away, you're carried by a stream.
 Refugee a wanderer you roam;
 You lose your way, so it will come to seem:
 No Place in Particular is home.
 You glance away, your house has disappeared,
 The sweater you've been knitting has unpurled.
 You live adrift, and everything you feared
 Comes to you in this undoing world.

Copper-plated, nailed together, buffeted by ocean weather
 Stands the Queen of Exiles and our mother she may be.
 Hollow-breasted broken-hearted watching for her dear departed
 For her children cast upon the sea.
 At her back the great idyllic land of justice
 For exilic peoples ponders making justice private property.

Darling never dream another woman might
 Have been your mother
 Someday you may be a refugee.

A refugee, who's running from the wars,
 Hiding from the fire-bombs they've hurled;
 Eternally a stranger out-of-doors,
 Desperate in this undoing world.

Mother for your derelicted
 Children from your womb evicted
 Grant us shelter harbor solace safety
 Let us in!
 Let us tell you where we travelled
 How our hopes our lives unravelled
 How unwelcome everywhere we've been.

Hammond organ: John Medeski
 Background vocals: Adrienne Cooper and Moxey Frivovous

5. MIZMOR SHIR LEHANEF (REEFER SONG) 5:14

Music: London
Words: Michael Wex

דעם יידן ברענגט דער שבת רו,
מנוחה, גלנץ-געוויכט.
ס'אימיר שבת יעדן אין דער פֿרי -
אזא פֿרומיאק בין איך?
אזא פֿרומיאק בין איך,
אזא פֿרומיאק בין איך
אז איך צינד מיר אן א ספּליפֿעלע
און ווער מיר אויפֿגעריכט.
א פֿונפֿע היסט אויף יידיש
וואָס אויף ענגליש ריפֿער היסט.
דער מגיד פֿון מעז-מעזריטש זאָגט.
„עס איז גאָטס בעסטע טרייסט.“
עס איז גאָטס בעסטע טרייסט,
עס איז גאָטס בעסטע טרייסט
און מאַכט די שחילה שרויה,
א תקון פֿאַרן גייסט.
רייכער אַ ספּליפֿ - קאַנאַביס...
„אודה לאל“, איך זינג צו גאָט,
דעם בורא עולם, גאָר,
אַ הוסט-געזאַנג פֿאַר וואָס ער האָט
געשאַנקען יעדן דור
אַ קרייטעכץ וואָס שטעלט פֿאַר
דעם היגן שור-הבור.
איך זינג, דעם הימל ריר איך אן
און, מחילה, נאָך אַ האָר.

Dem yidn brengt der shabes ri,
Menukhe, glaykh-gevikht.
S'i'mir shabes yedn in der fri—
Aza frumyak bin ikh?
Aza frumyak bin ikh,
Aza frumyak bin ikh
Az ikh tsind mir on a splifele
Un ver mir oyfgerikht.

A *funfe* hayst af yidish
Vos af english *rifer* hayst.
Der magid fun mezz-mezzritsh zogt,
“Es iz gots beste trayst.”
Es iz gots beste trayst,
Es iz gots beste trayst
Un makht di shkhine shruye,
A tikn farn gayst.

Reykher a splif - kanabis
“Oyde loeyl,” ikh zing tsu got,
Dem boyre-oylem, gor,
A hust-gezang far vos er hot
Geshonken yedn dor
A kraytekhts vos shtelt for
Dem hign shor-a-bor.
Ikh zing, dem himl rir ikh on
Un, mekhile, nokh a hor.

Shabbos brings Jews rest,
Repose, equilibrium.
Every morning is Shabbos for me -
Am I really so religious?
I'm really so religious,
Really so religious,
When I light up a spliff
And start to do all right, feel real good.

Funfe is the Yiddish word
For what's called a reefer in English.
The Maggid of Mezz Mezzritsh says
“It's God's best medium of consolation.”
It causes the Shekhina to be spread out
Upon whoever's smoking,
It's a tikkun for the spirit.

Smoke a spliff - Cannabis
I'll praise the Lord, sing to God
The creator of the world
A song of coughing
Because he has given every generation
An herb which represents the earthly Wild Ox.
I sing, I touch the sky
And, excuse me, go a little bit farther.

Bouzouki: Avram Pengas
Hammond organ: John Medeski

Shabbos: the Sabbath, seventh and most holy day of the week, the day God rested from the act of creation

funfe: a lighted paper cone for blowing smoke into a person's nose (from the *Harkavy Yiddish-English-Hebrew Dictionary*)

The Maggid of Mezzritsh was the great sage, Reb Dov Baer, successor of the Baal Shem Tov, founder of Hasidism; Mezz Mezzrow was the Jazz viper/muggles king who is known for his marijuana use. His autobiography, *Really the Blues*, tells of his reefer anecdotes, turning on Louis Armstrong, etc...

shkhine / Shekhina: the Shabbos bride, feminine aspect of God

Tikn / tikkun: a spiritual healing, the rectification of the world

Oyde loeyl: a well-known prayer that was subsequently used as the basis of a religious folksong

Shor-a-bor: the fabulous and tasty wild ox that the righteous will eat in heaven at the big, never-ending feast after the Messiah has come

N.B. “Shit” or “good shit” should be *soyles*; *soyles* is Hebrew for fine flour and comes up in the Bible in the instructions for sacrifices (i.e., it gets burned and makes a nice smell). In regular Yiddish it means something like “the best, cream of the crop, primo” - Like, “we got *fartshadet* (stupefied by fumes—in normal Yiddish, from the carbon monoxide from burning coal) on Afghan *soyles*.” The stuff is here and it's *soyles*. Panama *soyles*, *sensesoyles*, *soylemilla*, etc. and so on.—

6. SHVARTS UN VAYS ^{4:07} (BLACK AND WHITE)

London/Traditional

(from the repertoire of Abe Schwartz)

Hammond organ: John Medeski

לאַמיר הייבן דעם בעכער, דעם בעכער מיט ווינן -
פֿאַר אַ צייכן, אַז מיר וועלן נאָך אויסגעלייזט זיין;
אין דער דאָזיקער נאַכט, מיט יאָרן צוריק,
זינען קייטן און פענטעס צעשפרונגען אויף שטיק.

איר אַרבעט פֿון פֿרי, איר אַרבעט ביז שפעט
בני ציגל און ליים, איר גראַבט און איר קנעט
בני ציגל און ליים, איר גראַבט און איר קנעט
און מויערט פֿאַר פֿרעהן פֿאַלאַצן און שטעט.

פֿון אַ וועלט פֿון גערעכטיקייט, ליבע און שנין -
לאַמיר הייבן דעם בעכער, דעם בעכער מיט ווינן;

איך פֿיל אַנער לאַגע, איך פֿיל און איך ווייס,
איך זע אויפֿן שטערן די טראַפֿן פֿון שווייס.
זיי רינען, די טראַפֿנס, אַרען אין דעם ניל -
ער ברויזט דאָן און קאָכט און קען ניט שטיל.

ס'האַט אַ שקלאַפֿנפֿאַלק פֿלוצעם די פֿוחות דערשפּירט -
ווי אַ מעכטיקער זיגל זיך פֿון קנעכטשאַפֿט געריט.
אין דער דאָזיקער נאַכט זינגט אונדז פֿרעהייט אין בלוט,
זינגט פֿון גליכהייט פֿון פֿעלקער, פֿון גלויבן און מוט.

פֿון אַ וועלט פֿון גערעכטיקייט, ליבע און שנין -
לאַמיר הייבן דעם בעכער, דעם בעכער מיט ווינן;

Let us lift up a glass,
a glassful of wine,
As a sign of our
coming redemption.
Many years ago,
on this very night
Fetters and chains
burst to pieces.

You work from early,
you work until late,
Digging clay that you
knead into bricks,
Digging clay that you
knead into bricks,
Building Pharaoh his
castles and cities.

Let us lift up a glass,
a glassful of wine,
To a world of justice,
of love and of light.

I feel your plight,
I feel it, I know.
I see the drops of sweat
on your brow,

See them run off your
brow and into the Nile—
Which bubbles and boils
and cannot flow still.

A nation of slaves
suddenly felt its
own strength,
And moved out of
bondage as a
mighty column.

This is the night
when freedom sings
in our blood,
Sings the equality of
peoples, sings courage
and faith.

Let us lift up a glass,
a glassful of wine,
To a world of justice,
of love and of light.

Piano: John Medeski
Background vocals:
Adrienne Cooper

7.

LOMIR HEYBN DEM BEKHER ^{4:20}

Music: Svigals

Words adapted from poems by

I.J. Schwartz and A. Reisen

Lomir heybn dem bekher, dem bekher mit vayn -
Far a tseykhn, az mir veln nokh oysgeleyzt zayn!
In der doziker nakht, mit yorn tsurik,
Zenen keytn un pentes tshesprungun oyf shtik.

Ir arbet fun fri, ir arbet biz shpet
Bay tsigl un leym, ir grobt un ir knet
Bay tsigl un leym, ir grobt un ir knet
Un moyert far paren palatsn un shtet.

Fun a velt fun gerekhtikayt, libe un shayn -
Lomir heybn dem bekher, dem bekher mit vayn!

Ikh fil ayer lage, ikh fil un ikh veys,
Ikh ze oyfn shtern di tropn fun shveys.
Zey rinen, di tropns, arayn in dem Nil -
Er broyzt dan un kokht un ken nit zayn shtil.

S'hot a shklafnfolk plutsem di koykhes dershpirt -
Vi a mekhtiker zayl zikh fun knekhtshaft gerit.
In der doziker nakht zingt undz frayhayt in blut,
Zingt fun glaykhhayt fun felker, fun gloybn un mut.

Fun a velt fun gerekhtikayt, libe un shayn -
Lomir heybn dem bekher, dem bekher mit vayn!

8. SIRBA MATEY MATEY ^{4:54}

Traditional/Arrangement Darriau

Intro: Joseph Moskowitz,
cymbalom; Max Yussim, piano
(recorded July 19, 1916)

9. MIPNEY MA 1:37

Traditional/Arrangement Klezematics

מפני מה, מפני מה Mipney ma, mipney ma
ירדה הנשמה Yoredo haneshomo
מאיגרא רמא לבירא עמיקתא Meigro romo leviro amikto
הירידה צרך עליה היא. Hayerido tsoyrekhi aliyo hi.

Why did the soul, oh tell me this,
Tumble from Heaven to the Great Abyss?
The most profound descents contain
Ascensions to the heights again...

Translation: Tony Kushner

10. BEGGARS' DANCE 2:20

London

11. SHNAPS-NIGN 1:51

Sklamberg

Background vocals: Paul, Alicia, Frank, Lorin, David and Matt

12. INTERLUDE 0:36

Traditional/Arrangement Klezematics

13. DYBBUK SHERS 3:12

Svigals

14. FRADDE'S SONG 3:04

Music: London
Words: Tony Kushner

Soon to the canopy you will be led,
Your mother arrives from the World of the Dead.
And she comes to your wedding in silver and gold;
She offers her hand for the angels to hold.

"Oh, Khanele's daughter's a glorious bride;
Does Khanele glitter with gold, or with pride?"
And Khane your mother says, bursting with joy,
"My Leah is marrying a beautiful boy!"

"But Khanele, suddenly, why do you sigh,
And why does your heart break, and why do you cry?"
"Strangers are leading the bridal parade
While I stand unseen, alone and afraid.

The living are dancing with those that they see,
And only the dead will be dancing with me."
And the daughter of Khane is married that day
To the bridegroom who's waiting to dance her away.

But as the klezmerim are singing and playing,
And all through the dancing, the spirits are straying,
The prophet Elijah is dancing and singing,
And silver and gold are the blessings he's bringing:

And shekels slop over the Prophet's gold cup,
And the dead and the living both gobble them up!
Soon to the canopy you will be led,
Your mother arrives from the World of the Dead.

Hammond organ: John Medeski

15. DER SHVARTSER MI ADIR 2:43
(THE BLACK BENEDICTION)

Morrissett

Background vocals: Paul, Alicia, Frank, Lorin, David, Matt

16. HINOKH YAFO 4:06

Music: Sklamberg
Words: *Song of Songs*

הנך יפה רעיתי, Hinokh yafo rayosi,
הנך יפה עיניך יונם. Hinokh yafo eynayikh yoynim.

אף-ערשנו רעננה Af-arseyanu ranono
קרות בתינו ארוזים Koroys boteynu arozim
קרות בתינו ארוזים Koroys boteynu arozim
רהיטנו ברותים. Rohiteynu beroytsim.

הנך יפה רעיתי, Hinokh yafo rayosi,
הנך יפה עיניך יונם. Yinokh yafo eynayikh yoynim.

אני חבצלת השרון, Ani khavatseles hashoroyn,
שושנת, שושנת, שושנת, שושנת, Shoyshanos, shoyshanos hoamokim
כשושנה בין החוחים Keshoyshano beyn hakhoykhim
כן רעיתי בין הבנות. Keyn rayosi beyn habonoys.

הנך יפה רעיתי, Hinokh yafo rayosi,
הנך יפה עיניך יונם. Yinokh yafo eynayikh yoynim.

Look how beautiful you are, my love,
Look how beautiful, your eyes are doves.

Our bed is fresh and green.
The rafters of our house are cedars,
Its boards are cypress trees.

Look how beautiful you are, my love,
Look how beautiful, your eyes are doves.

I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily, a lily of the valleys.
My beloved is a rose among thorns
Compared with the other girls.

Look how beautiful you are, my love,
Look how beautiful, your eyes are doves.

Translation: Michael Wax

17. MIPNEY MA 0:42
Traditional/Arrangement Klezmatiks

THE KLEZMATICS

DAVID LIGHT
drums and percussion

ALICIA SVIGALS
violin

FRANK LONDON
trumpet, alto horn, groggers,
percussion, accordion

LORIN SKLAMBERG
lead vocals, accordion, piano

MATT DARRIAU
clarinet, bass clarinet, alto saxophone,
kaval, flutes, groggers

PAUL MORRISSETT
bass, tsimbl, fujara, nyenyere



Recorded mixed and mastered at
Sony Music Studios, NYC

"Eyn Mol" recorded at Living Traditions,
New York City, 26 Heshvan 5757

Producer and engineer: Robert Musso

Assistant engineer: Jim Caruana

Mastering: Tom Ruff, Sony Music Studios, NYC

Production coordinator and seeker of
great coffees: Erica Blitz

Design: Greenberg Kingsley/NYC

Cover photography: Michael Macioce

Cover models: Julia Kardon and Alexis Neumann

Band photography: Lloyd Wolf

Yiddish text translations by Michael Wex

Yiddish typesetting by Lorin Sklamberg

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Warner Music Canada Ltd.

Tracks 9 through 17 are excerpts from the
Klezmatiks score for Tony Kushner's *A Dybbuk*:
Between Two Worlds, an adaptation of
S. An-ski's classic tale of love and possession,
a compendium of Jewish folklore that is the
play *The Dybbuk*. Premiered at the Hartford
Stage, Connecticut, March 1995, directed by
Mark Lamos.

"An Undoing World" (track 4) is an excerpt
from '*It's an Undoing World,* or *Why Should It Be
Easy When It Can Be Hard*, a musical theater
piece created by Tony Kushner, Naomi Goldberg,
and the Klezmatics. Premiered at the John Anson
Ford Theater, Los Angeles, California, August
1995 as part of the Los Angeles Modern Dance &
Ballet company's program, *Klezmania*.

איין מאָל, איין מאָל, איין מאָל, איין מאָל -
 איין מאָל טו איד זיך באַניען:
 אַ גאַנצע וואָך האַרעוועט מען דאָך,
 אויף שבת דאַרף מען לניען...

לניען, לניען, לניען, לניען -
 לניען זאָל מען נישט באַדאַרפֿן:
 שבת אָן כריין קאָן מען זיך באַגיין,
 אָבער נישט אָן בראַנפֿן...

בראַנפֿן, בראַנפֿן, בראַנפֿן, בראַנפֿן -
 בראַנפֿן דאַס איז מיין נחמה;
 און אַז איד נעם אַ פּוס נאָך אַ פּוס,
 דערקוויק איד מיין נשמה!

מיין נשמה מיט מיין נחמה
 זיניען דאָ אין גאַנצן!
 און אַז איד נעם אַ פּוס נאָך אַ פּוס,
 גייען די פֿיסעלעך טאַנצן...

טאַנצן, טאַנצן, טאַנצן, טאַנצן -
 טאַנצן איז גאָר אַ הויכע מיידה;
 און אַז איד נעם אַ פּוס נאָך אַ פּוס,
 טאַנץ איד מיט אַ חסידה!

מיט אַ חסידה, מיט אַ חסידה -
 איז דאָך אַ גרויסע עבֿירה!
 אָבער אַז איד נעם אַ פּוס נאָך אַ פּוס,
 האָב איד נישט קיין ברירה (מורא)...

צו טאַנצן, צו זינגען, צו זינגען, צו שפּרינגען -
 דערצו טו איד טויגן;
 און אַז איד מאַך אַ שנאַפּס נאָך אַ שנאַפּס,
 באַקום איד קלאַרע אויגן...

אויגן, אויגן, אויגן, אויגן,
 אויגן האָב איד קלאַרע
 און אַז איד מאַך אַ שנאַפּס נאָך אַ שנאַפּס,
 איז: „שהכול נהיה בדבורו!”

EYN MOL

Traditional/Arrangement: Sklamberg

Eyn mol, eyn mol, eyn mol -
 Eyn mol tu ikh zikh banayen:
 A gantse vokh horevet men dokh,
 Af shabes darf men layen...

Layen, layen, layen, layen -
 Layen zol men nisht badarfn:
 Shabes on khreyn kon men zikh bageyn,
 Ober nisht on bronfn...

Bronfn, bronfn, bronfn, bronfn -
 Bronfn dos iz mayn nekhome;
 Un az ikh nem a kos nokh a kos,
 Derkvik ikh mayn neshome!

Mayn neshome mit mayn nekhome
 Zaynen do in gantsn!
 Un az ikh nem a kos nokh a kos,
 Geyen di fiselekh tantsn...

Tantsn, tantsn, tantsn, tantsn -
 Tantsn iz gor a hoykhe mide;
 Un az ikh nem a kos nokh a kos,
 Tants ikh mit a khside!

Mit a khside, mit a khside -
 Iz dokh a groyse aveyre!
 Ober az ikh nem a kos nokh a kos,
 Hob ikh nisht keyn breyre (moyre)...

Tsu tantsn, tsu zingen, tsu zingen, tsu shpringen -
 Dertsu tu ikh toyn;
 Un az ikh makh a shnaps nokh a shnaps,
 Bakum ikh klore oygn...

Oygn, oygn, oygn, oygn,
 Oygn hob ikh klore;
 Un az ikh makh a shnaps nokh a shnaps;
 Iz: "shehakol nihyo bidvoyre!"

One time, one time, one time,
 Once! I'm happy, no more sorrow—
 You work and slave for six whole days,
 And shabbes, have to borrow.

Borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow,
 Who'd do it if they could choose?
 It's not profane to have no *khreyn*,*
 But Shabbes needs some booze.

Booze and booze and booze and booze,
 My comfort and delight.
 When one shot follows another,
 My soul gets merry and bright.

My soul so bright and my delight
 Unite and make romance.
 When one shot follows another,
 My feet begin to dance.

Dancing, dancing, dancing, dancing—
 Tops the moral scale.
 When one shot follows another,
 I'll dance with a female.

With a female, with a female,
 Truly a major transgression.
 But when one shot follows another,
 I fear no indiscretion.

Dancing and singing and singing and leaping—
 That's where my talent lies.
 When one drink follows another,
 There's light in both my eyes.

Eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes,
 My eyes are shining bright.
 When one drink follows another, it's
 "By Whose word everything sees the light."

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MATT thanks Martha Townsend and Gabriel Townsend Darriau.

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